

Heart Breaks and Rule Breaks by [orphan_account](#)

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Summary:

El waited everyday for Mike to visit, to do their signature knock on the door (three five three). At first, he'd just show up much later than normal, apologizing and bringing a comic book he thought she'd enjoy. And she did, the entire month of June she read over thirty comics. She liked the superheroes, and she liked the happy endings.

But she liked Mike more, and wished he was better at being there.

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Prompt: Can you write a mileven fight scene one shot please!! I hope we get one in S3 bc it would make mileven so much stronger once they've made up!

Heart Breaks and Rule Breaks

Author's Note:

Originally posted on my tumblr [@eleventhemande](#).
You can read it [as well!](#)

Like all fights, it started with a fizzle.

As June began and the Hawkins Heat Wave swept through, the cabin grew unbearably hot. With such a small space and no air conditioning, it was like being in a humid hell.

El was used to it from the summer before, but the Party was having a tough time with it. The five of them usually visited El every Thursday night together, cramming into the small space to sweat and watch movies. It still happened, but it was going to get worse as the summer wore on.

Mike, though, would visit four times a week in the Winter, and usually six times in the Spring. That summer of 1985 though, he got a job at the only comic book store in Hawkins, and he started coming by more and more infrequently.

El waited everyday for him to visit, to do their signature knock on the door (three five three). At first, he'd just show up much later than normal, apologizing and bringing a comic book he thought she'd enjoy. And she did, the entire month of June she read over thirty comics. She liked the superheroes, and she liked the happy endings.

But she liked Mike more, and wished he was better at being there.

The week after the Fourth of July, there was a Thursday where all the members of their Party were at her cabin. Mike was late.

"He'll be here soon," Will offered while Dustin and Lucas shared a look. Max was out of town for the Holiday, back in California, so El couldn't ask her for women's intuition.

And he was, by nearly a full hour. "Sorry I'm late," He kissed her on the cheek as he sat down. "Work was crazy."

Work-work-workworkwork. It was always work. She knew Mike loved comic books, but she also thought he loved her.

One day, even though El was supposed to start working on school work, so she could potentially join Hawkins High in January rather than September. But she was bored and lonely, with Hopper at work and Mike at work. So she instead watched her soap operas.

In this episode, Regina's husband Marco was cheating on her with someone from his office, a woman named Brandy.

"My wife can't know about this," Marco said grandly, kissing Brandy on top of his desk. *"This is just a work affair."*

"Shut up and do me, Marco!" Brandy cried out, and El made a face as their tongues licked each other openly. Normally, she liked when the characters kissed, but this was awful in both execution and premise.

She gasped as Regina barged in on screen. *"How could you do this to me when I'm pregnant with your baby?!"* The big-haired woman sobbed, holding her stomach.

El sat up and watched even closer, enthralled.

"I can explain!" Marco said, messing with his pants. El made a face. It was never good when characters said that.

"Oh save it, you cheating scumbag!" Regina said, holding her head high. *"You are moving out! This work of yours has torn us apart!"* And then she left him.

She looked at the clock on the microwave. Mike was half an hour late again.

Dejected, she used her powers to click off the TV and shifted on the sofa. It was too hot for a blanket, so she was wearing a simple t-shirt dampened with sweat and hand-me-down shorts from Will that were bright blue and very comfy.

She twisted into the sofa cushions and closed her eyes. Vividly, she imagined going to the comic book shop. At first, it was sweet, she'd see him surrounded by books and be happy. He'd be at the register,

and he'd see her and grin and they'd kiss. Then they'd look through comics together in the air-conditioned store.

But as she drifted asleep, the image twisted. El walked in the door of Hawkins Comics and saw Mike making out with Jennifer Hayes (a girl Dustin talked about from school sometimes) and they were kissing like Marco and Brandy.

She gasped and looked down at her stomach. Not pregnant, she thought when she felt something twist in her torso. Just heartbroken.

The Mike in her dream just sneered at her and said, "*I have a whole new life now, El. I don't need you.*" Faintly, she heard a pounding that seemingly came from nowhere.

El felt herself start to cry, and she ran from the comic shop, but slammed into the door.

Her eyes flew open, and she wasn't in Hawkins Comics. She was on the floor of the cabin, having fell off the sofa in her fitful sleep.

"El?" The pounding grew louder. "El, are you okay? Are you in there?" Mike's voice was frantic on the side of the door.

El considered not opening it, but she did, without moving from her spot on the floor. Mike burst in, and immediately deflated with relief upon seeing her.

"Are you okay?" He knelt beside her. He was already sweating, in his work shirt and jean shorts. "Why are you on the floor?"

She considered telling him, the words on the tip of her tongue. But she looked into his concerned eyes and couldn't bring herself to.

"I was napping and fell," She said. "Can you help me with this math equation?" She changed the subject, gesturing to the abandoned math book on the table.

Mike nodded, and they spent the evening laughing and working. After an hour, instead of a normal comic book, he had grabbed her a version of *Calvin and Hobbes*.

"This is funny," Mike explained, watching as she flipped through the pages. Instead of the normal thin paper of a comic book, these were thicker and smoother. "I used to read these all the time when I was a kid. I thought you'd like it."

El smiled at him, "I do."

They put on the news, and read the book together, falling asleep until Hopper woke them.

After that, El managed to put away the fear that Mike didn't love her anymore. She managed in the Cabin, doing homework and reading *Calvin and Hobbes*.

Then one week, late July, Hopper had news.

"I have to go to this police expo in Indianapolis this weekend," He told her as they ate dinner. Instead of microwave nonsense, it was a potato salad from the Byers. It was so smooth and creamy and cold in the stifling cabin. "It's a big event, so I'm gone from Friday to Sunday."

El frowned, "That's three days away from here."

"It is," Hopper said, then took a deep breath. "I figured you could have Mike over. If you wanted him to keep you company."

Hopper leaving El overnight was far from a common occurrence. Usually, she stayed with the Byers, but they were out of town that week on a well-deserved vacation.

She probably could stay alone, but they both knew the Cabin was claustrophobia-inducing. The heat, the loneliness, the boredom. "*Until Christmas*," Hopper would tell her when she complained or when she begged to go to school. She knew, but she still complained.

El perked up at the thought of a whole weekend with Mike. No comic book store, no Hopper, just them. The idea made her heart feel warm.

"Please," She said, knowing that was the Politeness Rule.

Hopper's lips tugged up in one corner, "I have some rules for that,

but I'm okay with it. You can call him after dinner.”

And she did and actually got him on the first try. Normally, she had to speak to Nancy or Mrs. Wheeler, who only knew her as Mike's school friend El.

“Hi, El! What's up?”

“Chief has to be gone for this next weekend. I was wondering if we could do a sleepover,” She asked.

Mike nearly choked, “A sleepover? And this was Hopper's idea?”

El nodded, “It was. I don't want to be alone. He knows that.”

“Well, okay. I'd love to, El. I know I have the opening shift from 10-2 that day,” Mike started, and immediately El's lips pursed in a frown. “But I'll be back right after, okay? I'm free the rest of the weekend. I'll even bring food.”

That made El smile. “Promise?”

“Promise. I'll visit tomorrow too, we can figure out a plan.”

“And Chief has rules for you,” El said, curling up on the sofa. “He wants to go over them.”

Mike laughed a little, “Course he does. I'll be there. Tomorrow at five, and 3 on Friday. Night, El.”

“Night, Mike.”

The next day, Mike was on time and Hopper was there to look very tall and imposing, listing the following rules for them as they sat on the sofa.

“#1 No kissing, #2 No sharing the same bed, and #3 No staying up past 10pm,” He said, mostly looking Mike in eye. She wasn't sure if it was because he was afraid Mike would try to break these rules first, or El would and he was afraid Mike would crack and let her.

Mike nodded, “Yes, sir.”

Hopper turned to her, and El nodded as well, “Yes, sir.”

Hopper ruffled her hair, and left them to reading comics, legs tangled up together on the couch even though it was hot. Sometimes, she looked up at him to catch him smiling at her, and she couldn’t help but lean over to kiss him until Hopper coughed loudly at them.

That Friday, the fizzle turned into a bang.

El anxiously sat at the kitchen table, chair pointed at the door. She half-read *Calvin and Hobbes* but mostly kept looking at the door the closer and closer it got to three.

Then 3:00pm passed. Then 3:30. 4:00. 5:00. 6:00. 7:00. 8:00.

By then, El had moved to the couch, staring at the off TV. Instead of watching the moving pictures, she pictured vividly the scene that must be going on at Hawkins Comics.

Mike, with a girl at the desk. Having conversations about a school she might never get to go to, about people she’ll never meet. Stuff she’ll never experience, trapped in this goddamn cabin.

She noticed she was crying so she wiped her face with her fingers.

At 8:15, she finally heard the knock.

“El? Are you okay?” Mike shouted through the wood of the door.
“I’m so sorry, work was crazy. Please, El, let me in and I’ll explain.”

Out of pure pettiness and fury, El didn’t unlock the door.

The rhythmic knocks got abandoned for pounds that shook the walls.
“Are you okay? Are you hurt?”

Yes, she thought without moving.

“El, please-”

To prove a point, she unlocked the door telekinetically but held it closed. She felt him trying to open it but then she forced the locks back shut.

She heard him huff outside. She could picture him pacing slightly in front of the door.

“Please,” He said once more, and she heard his body gently smack into the wood like he had fallen against it. Was he preparing to ram it?

El stood then crossed her arms. “You’re *late!*” She shouted. Her voice, at that moment, didn’t know how to get quieter.

“There was a problem with inventory! I just... dammit, let me in!” The door jiggled again.

El pressed her lips together and finally unlocked the doors.

She almost expected to see a tall girl with pretty straight hair and big boobs with her boyfriend, but he was alone, drenched in sweat and carrying food.

He set the bag down on the floor.

“You’re mad,” Mike began.

“No shit,” El said, causing him to look taken aback. “I’ve been waiting for five hours. You said three!”

“I know, I’m sorry, but my boss offered me overtime after there was a discrepancy, and I needed-”

“You did not call,” She interrupted. “I thought something happened,” She did not feel bad for twisting the truth. She checked on him through the Void using the TV static a few times. Just checked that he was still at work, too afraid to see the full picture, of who he was with.

“Time got away from me,” Mike said desperately, but he made no move to get close to her, to hug her. She wanted him to at least try. “There’s no clock in HC’s basement, and I just- I needed the money.”

“I needed you,” She said. “And you weren’t here.”

Mike winced, “Don’t say that, please, I’m here, I can explain-”

At those words, a plate drying in the sink flew up into the ceiling, shattering at impact. None of them were in the vicinity of shards, but Mike jumped at the sound and suddenness. El, in complete control of the shatter, kept her focus on Mike.

“What can you possibly explain?” El asked, voice rough. Mike opened his mouth but she didn’t let him speak. “We made plans all this summer and you’re late. You don’t show up. You leave me for your job with no word. You *break your promise!*” She was suddenly shouting, and another plate shattered, this time in the sink.

“El, it was just-”

“No, not just!” She interrupted. “If it’s just the work, that can’t be it.”

Mike, standing there with tight lips, looked confused. “What are you saying?”

She had seen this work in her soaps, when someone was cheating, so she asked, “Who is she?”

Mike’s eyebrows furrowed deeper. “Who?” He took a step forward so she stepped backwards. Taking the hint, he stood still.

El almost didn’t want to say, but as tears welled in her eyes, she had to. “Are you cheating on me?”

“What? What the hell? No, of course not,” Mike said, looking hurt.

El, frustrated and overheated and full of a hot rage, snapped, “Then what the hell is it?! What else can it be?”

Now Mike looked mad, and his arms flailed out, “Oh, I’m late for a few dates and I just have to be cheating on you? Are you kidding me?”

“Not just a few,” El nearly snarled, and started ticking them off on her fingers. “Today, this Monday, Friday the 19th, Thursday the 18th, Tuesday the 16th, the 12th, the 10th, the-”

“Stop it!” Mike shouted at her, causing her to flinch back into the wall. “I’m not cheating on you, for the love of God! Not everything is

one of your stupid soap operas!”

El gasped, “They’re not stupid, they taught me that that’s what you’re doing! The late hours, the ditching dates; it’s textbook cheating!”

Mike held his forehead and groans out, “Dear god, this is ridiculous.”

“If you’re not cheating, what are you doing?” El practically stomped up to him and poked him in the chest hard. “You have this whole life without me-”

“It’s a goddamn *retail* job, El, not exactly a life-”

“But I’m not there,” El said, feeling her heart start to split in two. “Every day, you’re out there and I’m in here. And you used to tell me all about it, and now I get nothing, not even you. I’m stuck and you’re out there with some girl who-”

“I’m not cheating!”

“Then what are you doing?!” El practically screamed, and the windows shattered, popping one by one in her fury. *Great, now Hopper was gonna be pissed about that when he came back.*

Mike, as the glass broke, lunged and grabbed her. For a moment, she thought he was trying to restrain her and she struggled, but he had wrapped her in a bear hug. He was shielding her from glass shards.

On pure instinct, she softened into his grip, his scent. Mike, even drenched in sweat, smelled like home. Almost immediately, the chaos stopped flying around them, and it got quiet.

“I’m sorry,” He said once more as he held her. “I’m not cheating, El, please believe me.”

El pulled away from him gently, but her hands were on his shoulders and his were on her hips. “I know,” She said. “I just was- I didn’t know-”

“Shit, your nose,” Mike reached to grab a tissue from the nearby box. Minor usage of El’s powers rarely made her bleed anymore, but Mike always got concerned when it did. El held it to her nose to staunch

the blood.

“Why were you so late?” El asked.

Mike exhaled slowly and they almost sat on the sofa, but it was covered in shards. Together, they moved to her bedroom and sat down on her bed. Is this breaking Rule #2?

She didn’t care.

Their knees were the only parts touching, brushing skin since they were both in shorts. “I was taking as many shifts as I could,” Mike began. “I needed money because I wanted to get you something. And when Richie- the owner- asked me to stay today for an hour, he offered me overtime, and we really did get sidetracked. I swear, that basement is like a dungeon.”

“Get me something?” El repeated, a smile slowly gracing her features.
“Get me what?”

Mike blushed, the pink lighting up his cheeks under the thin layer of sweat. It was much hotter in her room, plus he was embarrassed. She almost liked him embarrassed, he was so soft and shy.

“There’s this necklace at this jewelry store by work, and I walk past it every day. It’d be perfect for you, but it’s kinda expensive. I was just trying to get money for it so I’d grab any shift, but that’s not fair to you.”

El leaned over and pressed her lips to his. At first, the kiss was kind of odd since he was still talking before he completely stopped talking. Then he reacted and kissed her back a little. He pulled away shortly after, before they could get *anywhere* close to Marco and Brandy’s weird tongue thing.

“Your dad’s gonna kill me,” Mike whispered, lips still close but too far away.

El scrunched her nose in agreement and pulled away completely. The only thing touching again were their knees. “I’m sorry for thinking you were cheating. And for breaking the windows.”

Mike smiled at her, soft and sweet. “I’m sorry for being late and being away.”

“Are we okay?”

“We are. I promise. C’mon, I brought food.”

Later that night, they stayed up for a late dinner. They cleaned up the glass shards, they sat down at the table and ate food, they talked about work and her soaps, they danced on the porch to loud rock music on their radio, and they soon became exhausted.

It was 11:17pm when they finally settled down to go to sleep. So they broke rule three as well. They decided to share her bed again, over the covers but holding hands.

Her eyes closed, she rested her head against his shoulder. At night, it was finally cold so she felt free to twist into him.

“One day,” Mike said softly into the top of her head, lips gently pressing to her hair. “You’re gonna get out of here, and we’re gonna experience this all together. I promise.”

Author's Note:

thanks for reading!!